

DISCORDER



B i f f ,

P o w .

C i T R gets
101.9 fM

T U F F !

JAYE.

That Magazine from CiTR 101.9 fM

FREE

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1ST/\$5.00 AT THE DOOR

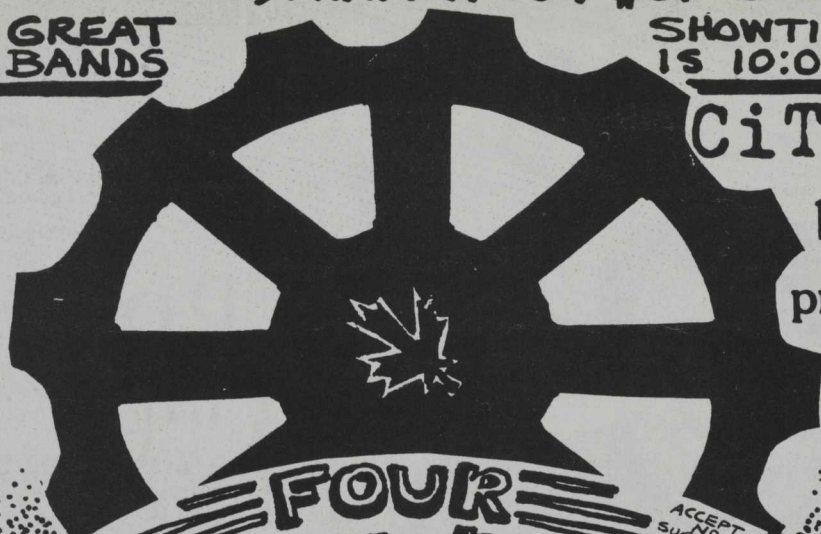
2 GREAT BANDS

SHOWTIME
IS 10:00 P.M.

CiTR FM

101.9

presents



**FOUR
WHEEL DRIVE**

THE FAMOUS TRIBUTE
TO
BACHMAN TURNER
OVERDRIVE

ROCK IS
OUR LIFE.
THESE ARE
THEIR SONGS.



THE
BEATLES
OF
SURREY



**NO
FUN**

GRACELAND

1250 RICHARDS ST. ALLEY ENTRANCE 688-2648

0424 Chester
 □□□□□□□□ Van BC V5W 3C3 □□□□□□□□□□



AIRHEAD

c/o CITR
6135 SUB Blvd.
Vancouver, B.C
V6T 2A5

Letter Read Please

To Discorder please twelve month subscription a send me. Japan in Canadian teacher English. Money order get a tried...understand couldn't I saying he was what fuck the post office at the. So cash here is the.

O.K.?

P.S.

Ten Reasons To Live (In Japan):
1. Sushi

2. Making 50 bucks an hour teaching English
3. Making 50 bucks an hour after being on Welfare for three years
4. People want to give you presents a lot
5. Daily front page news of the dying emperor's bowel movements
6. Earthquakes
7. Awesome art—traditional and modern
8. Shochu (Japanes vodka)
9. Calling your students "li'l motherfuckers" and not getting fired 'cause no one knows what it means
10. Japanese television—who needs LSD?

Ten Reasons To Die (In Japan):

1. Mass conformity! (Ohhhh Noooo!)
2. People assuming because you're white, you're American
3. Not understanding if people are complimenting you or calling you a white maggot
4. Can't order pizza after 10 PM
5. Movies are fifteen bucks
6. Men are afraid of you (except for the drunk businessmen who ask "How much?")
7. Women are subservient does
8. No Batman comics in English
9. No Welfare Wednesdays
10. Everyone's happy in their places and if not they'll learn to like it.

M.A. Mitchell

Rat, Man Or Studmuffin?

Dear Mr Ratman,

Regarding "Ratman's Retort" in the January issue: Take that stick out of your ass! That was a

GREAT interview (December issue). I laughed my fucking head off. Mr Baker was just reporting what he saw/heard. It made great reading. And yes, you do look like a dirthead.

How can you refuse to be interviewed because the interviewer wore a baseball cap? You're supposed to be the majorly "alternative" studmuffin, right? So why does a person's choice of head gear matter? Eh? Eh? I wore a moose hat to my mother's wedding. My sister was bit by a moose once... No really she was carving her initials into its tail with a pen knife...

But anyways, that's all for now...

Whole Wheat, Raisins coated with Sugar and Hydrogenated Vegetable Oil, Wheat Bran, Sugar, Salt, Seduced Iron, Niacinimide, Thiamine Mononitrate, Calcium Datothenate, Pyridoxine Hydrochloride, Folic Acid.

I bet you, being such an expert, can tell me what that is?

P.S. Ditch the name, **Girls! Girls! Girls!**—You sound like a bunch of pre-pubes!

The Wraith

To Live And Die In Scotland

Dear Airhead,

We sit here on our loathsome spotty expatriate behinds, squeezing tartan blackheads, and not giving a tinker's cuss for the struggling artist. We are excrement!

Be that as it may, here's a Scottish Top Ten from a dingy, smoke-filled, hops-reeking bedsit in the heart of Portebello, Edinburgh:

Ten Reasons To Live In Scotland:



CLUB SODA
1055 HOMER • 681-8202

Sun. March 5
alternative tenticles artist
STICK DOG
with guests
SILENT GATHERING

Sun. March 12
ALL
w/guests **THE CHEMICAL PEOPLE**

Sun. March 19
4 WHEEL DRIVE
with guest
ALEX ROSES HOSE

Sun. March 26
GROOVAHOLICS
EASTER PARTY

THE YALE

1300 GRANVILLE & DRAKE
681-YALE

Best Blues In the City

Eddy Clearwater 7 - 11
Jason Hoover 21 - 25
Luther Johnson 28 - 1

THE BEST IN LIVE R&B EACH NIGHT
FROM 9:30 PM - 1:30 AM
OPEN WEEKDAYS FROM 11:30 AM

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
						JOHNNY V., KING BUSCUIT BOY, DOCTOR BOOGIE Feb 28 to March 4
GON'T MISS THE BLUES JAMS	OLIVER and the Elements					EDDY CLEARWATER 7 - 11
SAT. APT. 3-8 pm	KELLY J. AND SHO'NUFF 13 - 15				JIM BYRNES 16 - 18	
A SUN. APT. 7-12 pm	OLIVER and the Elements				JASON HOOVER 21 - 25	
WITH JACK LAVIN and the ELEMENTS	OLIVER and the Elements				LUTHER (guitar junior) JOHNSON 28 - April 1	

JACK LAVIN'S
JAM SESSIONS

SATURDAY 3-8 pm
SUNDAY 7-12 pm

1. Scottish girls named Julie
2. Mario's kebabs, with extra hot sauce
3. Edinburgh is south of Oslo
4. The Bay City Rollers retired
5. Squatting nude in front of a gas fire
6. Sean Connery was a lifeguard in Portobello
7. Fresh lobster and prawns proffered by the Ancient Gaelic Mariner in a pub on the Isle of Skye
8. Haven't thought of "King Bill" Van der Zalm for months
9. Valerie Giscard d'Estaing the cat
10. Players Light priority packages from home

Ten Reasons To Die In Scotland:

1. Scottish girls named Julie
2. Deep-fried pizza
3. Kylie Minogue, Rick Astley, Bros, Acid House
4. Baggy jeans. Really baggy jeans
5. Hopping heaps of dog faeces on the way down "Dog Shit Alley" in Portobello
6. Margaret Thatcher aka Maggot Thrasher
7. "Which part of the States are you from?"
8. It constantly rains cats, dogs and air planes
9. Eating the worm at the bottom of a New Year's bottle of Mezcal
10. Absent friends.

Faithfully yours,

Chris Kovacs & Rick Gleason,
Portobello 4:17 AM

it's True!

COLLEGERADIO-WHAT IS THE POINT?
What do you think? What do we think? It seems like as good a time as any to consider the role of college radio, and CiTR in particular, given CiTR's recent increase in power. Check out page 12 for an attempt at some kind of an answer. Speaking of High Power, an update and query regarding the subject can be found on page 8.

Upcoming CiTR concert presentations: February 25th-Country Dick's *Cavalcade of Stars* at the Commodore; March 1st-Michelle Shocked and Cowboy Junkies at the Commodore and No Fun with Four Wheel Drive at Graceland; Gobetweens on March 9th at the Town Pump; That Petrol Emotion and Voice of the Beehive on the 15th at 86 St.; all ages gig with DOA on the 18th at the SUB Ballroom; and finally (God willing), The Red Hot Chili Peppers at the Commodore on the 31st.

UPCOMING REAL LIVE ACTION:

- Mar. 3-Sons of Freedom at the Commodore
7-© at the Town Pump
8-Damage C'est Damage at 86 St.
9-Oversoul 7 and Picasso Set at 86 St.

CONCEPT 2

Every Fri. Live Music
(no Cover Charge)

Feb. 24 **VOYAGEURS**

Flamenco Guitar

Mar. 3 **IAN A. MCCONKEY**

Flamenco Guitar and
Original Compositions
on Spanish Guitar

GALLERY OPENING

Robert Coates

(Colour Photography)

Starting Feb 25

10% DISCOUNT

**For College Students
With This Ad**

Gallery Cafe Restaurant
724 Nelson St (between Granville & Howe)
222-4444



8-TRACKING IN THE EIGHTIES (AND BEYOND)

One of the nice things about buying music in 1989 is the multiple formats available to us, the consumer. One would think that with lps, cds and cassettes available for most releases, all you'd have to do is choose your favorite format. Well friends, don't be duped! If music is what you're into, take a clear look at what's available. You'll discover the format of the smart buyer, the best deal in town, the godsend of pre-re-

corded music. What is it? Why, the almighty 8-track. With the unfortunate demise of this format in recent years, we can now objectively compare 8-tracks to lps, cds and cassettes, and understand why the 8-track rates so highly.

My fascination with 8-tracks began a couple summers ago when I saw a complete David Bowie collection in a friend's truck. I think it was the buttons, the "flipping of the tracks", on the player that really appealed to me. When I

discovered you could obtain practically any 8-track for less than \$1, I knew I had to purchase some tapes for myself.

First, I picked up a player for \$5 at a swap meet. And it records, too. (True 8-trackers should always look for this important feature.) Next came the purchase of a fine collection of 8-tracks (Deep Purple, Mott the Hoople, The Partridge Family, The Beatles, Al Green, etc.) for \$.25 to \$1 each. In no time I built up a library of about 30 tapes for the equivalent cost of a single cd.

8-track tapes and cds aren't as different as you might think. Much like a cd player, an 8-track player gives you the option of advancing to another song with the press of a button. As well, a tape will play for as long as you have the tape in the player like the "repeat" option available on cd players. Both cds and 8-tracks offer many hard to get tunes, but the latter format does so at a very affordable price. For instance, I found a Delphonics 8-track for \$.25. Try finding one of their albums. And luckily, I don't think the demand exists, yet, to justify the creation of exorbitantly priced "collectors" 8-tracks.

8-tracks also possess an outstanding feature not found on cds, lps, or cassettes. It's the "fade out-fade in" effect on songs spread over more than a single track. Since each track on the tape is the same length, some songs have to be broken up and fit onto two different tracks. This doesn't say much for the protection of artistic integrity, but it can be a good thing, particularly for drum solos.

Alas, 8-tracks do have problems. As most tapes are at least 10 years old, some have an annoying habit of snapping apart while they're changing from one track to another. Then again, this drawback is fitting if you believe that pop music really is disposable. Disposable pop at an affordable price.

All of this leads us up to modern times and that pertinent question: What does the future have in store for the 8-track? Well, probably not much as far as new releases. Occasionally you'll see an ad on late night TV for something like Hank Snow's Greatest Hits on lp, cd, cassette and 8-track. Our beloved format is usually reserved for long haul truck drivers into country and western. So don't hold your breath waiting for new pop titles. The end properly came for rock 'n' roll 8-track fans when the Columbia Record Club (mail order division) ceased offering 8-tracks as a "preferred format" about a year ago. Sigh.

Perhaps someday a label like Rhino Records will put out 8-track's Greatest Hits for that specialized kind of consumer. My suggestion: include essential selections from "road bands" like The Allman Brothers, Uriah Heep, Mountain, BTO, Golden Earring, etc. Until that day, good luck, keep the faith, and always stay on the lookout for good 8-tracks. You won't regret it.

Sedro Wooley II

SO YOU'RE SERIOUS ABOUT 8-TRACKS?

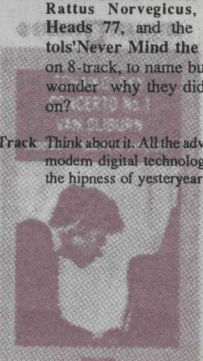
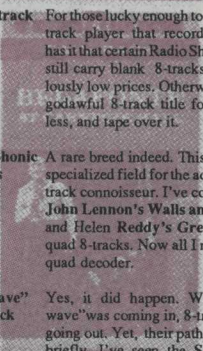
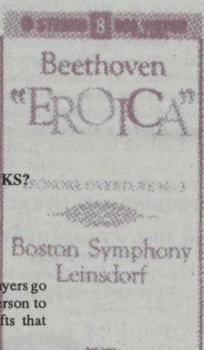
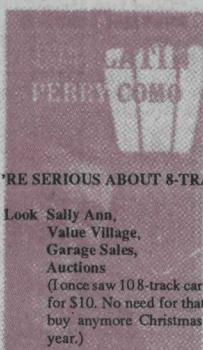
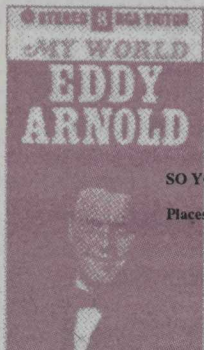
Places to Look Sally Ann, Value Village, Garage Sales, Auctions (I once saw 108-track car players go for \$10. No need for that person to buy anymore Christmas gifts that year.)

Blank 8-track Tapes For those lucky enough to have an 8-track player that records, rumour has it that certain Radio Shack stores still carry blank 8-tracks at ridiculously low prices. Otherwise, buy a godawful 8-track title for \$.25 or less, and tape over it.

Quadrasonic 8-Tracks A rare breed indeed. This is a more specialized field for the advanced 8-track connoisseur. I've come across John Lennon's Walls and Bridges and Helen Reddy's Greatest Hits quad 8-tracks. Now all I need is my quad decoder.

"New Wave" on 8-Track Yes, it did happen. When "new wave" was coming in, 8-tracks were going out. Yet, their paths did cross briefly. I've seen the Stranglers' Rattus Norvegicus, Talking Heads 77, and the Sex Pistols' Never Mind the Bollocks on 8-track, to name but a few. I wonder why they didn't catch on?

CD to 8-Track Think about it. All the advantages of modern digital technology with all the hipness of yesteryear.



High Power

Oh, by the way, on **Groundhog Day** (February 2 for you ninnies), CTR flicked on the high power switch with a flourish of balloons and snowballs, presided over by an inflated twenty-foot high Evelyn Roth creation named **Groundhog Gootch**. Jumping to 1800 superwatts of peak radiating power from the 49 it had lived with for the past six years, CTR's signal should now stretch as far away as **Chilliwack**, if not further, but only if the moon is in its first quarter and the dogs pee in a straight line. Actually, Mike Pentz, the winner of our **How Far is Far? How Near is Near?** Contest, tells us that he can get CTR loud and clear and in **STEREO** in his home in **Rosedale**. On the other hand, we are receiving reports that we seem to have disappeared in **Kisilano** and north of **Hastings**. This is because CTR's signal is still finicky, even with our new six million dollar bionic transmitter and antenna. Which brings us to you, our dear listener.

What we really wanna know is - just where exactly are the radio black holes and where are the radio nirvanas in the city? Phone us, write us, tell us. We wanna know: Just how far is far, and how near is near? (Again.) Phone 228-3017. Write to - **Black Hole or Nirvana?** c/o CTR, SUB #233, UBC, Vancouver, BC V6T 2A5. You may even get a button.

If you can't pick us up all that easily, you can make an external antenna or buy a newfangled doodad at an electronics or stereo shop. Although the T-shaped folded dipole type is cheap to buy, it is also easy to make out of 300 ohm twin lead TV antenna wire. Just make sure the top of the T is 141.2 centimetres long.

The best orientation for your external antenna is hard to predict; with a folded dipole, position the top part of the T in a plane perpendicular to the direction of CTR's transmitter and funky red-tinted antenna located on the top of the east tower of **Gage Residence** on the UBC campus. Gage by the way is that triumvirate of buildings that look suspiciously like skyscrapers.

Whatever type of external antenna you choose, you will have to experiment with its position and orientation to ensure the best reception. Since FM waves don't bend as easily as AM waves, anything that stands between you and our transmitter will likely weaken our signal. Reception may be better near a window in a building containing a lot of steel and fluorescent tubes. Although it lies flat so that you can scratch it to the wall or even hide it under the rug, generally your antenna will find a stronger signal the higher you position it.

Elevation and nearby tall buildings are the most important influences on how reception varies from house to house or even from room to room.

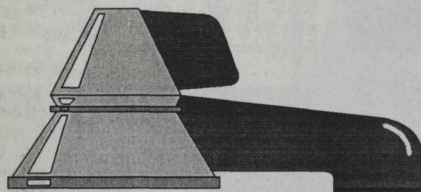
If your radio has no external antenna connections (such as a typical clock radio) it might be using the power cord as its antenna. Other than moving the radio or its cord, adding and positioning an extension cord just might help.

Still can't get CTR??? A number of cable systems in the Lower Mainland carry CTR with pride. So long as you are a cable subscriber, you can hook up your cable TV cable to your radio if it has external antenna connections. And the cool thing is, all of them carry CTR at 101.9 cable. If in doubt, contact your local cable company.

ROGERS CABLE (we are called "New Music! Alternative Arts" in their listings), serves **Vancouver, Richmond, Burnaby, Coquitlam, Port Moody, Port Coquitlam, Belcarra, Ico, Maple Ridge, Pitt Meadows, Mission, Hatzic Lake, Haney, Whonnock, and Rusk**. **WEST COAST CABLEVISION** ("New Music/Rock"): **North Burnaby, SHAWCABLE** ("UBC Campus Radio"): **North and West Vancouver. DELTA CABLE** ("New Music/Rock"): **Tsawwassen, Ladner, North Delta, North Delta, and Point Roberts. WESTERN CABLESYSTEMS** ("New Wave"): **New Westminster, Surrey, Langley, Fort Langley, and Alder Grove. LIONS BAY CABLE**: **Lions Bay and Bowen Island. RELIANCE DISTRIBUTORS**: **Squamish. And UBC PHYSICAL PLANT**: the UBC Campus.

If your cable service is not listed here, chances are that we are not being carried by it. Even if you live as far away as **Kelowna**, phone them and complain about being denied the right to have access to the only non-commercial, high power radio station in Canada. Do this loudly while eating a bowl of cottage cheese. Please. Thank you. And don't forget to write.

Randy Iwata

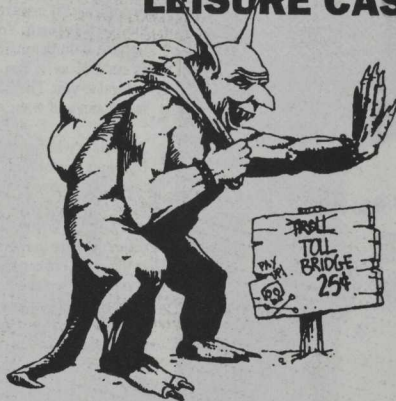


More fun
than
watching
your
tap drip

UBC
Student Union Building
Main & Lower Concourse
All Ages Welcome



HOW DO YOU
SPEND YOUR
LEISURE CASH?



coming this March

the black pages

the wolfgang press

The Wolfgang Press are a rather odd band. Actually, most of the stories I've read about them start out with some kind of disclaimer like that. Just to warn people, I guess, that since the writer can't understand the band and their music then no one else should be able to. Well, in my case, it's not so much trying to understand them, but to actually describe them. Understanding a band is no fun. You cease to be surprised by anything a band does anymore if you understand them. That's boring. Like Genesis or Bruce Springsteen or Simple Minds. We all understand them. Stadium rock. Money. Babes. Fortunately, The Wolfgang Press are nothing like that. There is nothing that you can understand about the band, let alone give a describe simply. Talking Heads comparisons are frequent, but that applies only to the tribal drums on some songs and Mick Allen's vocal hiccups on others. Love and Rockets guitar sounds make occasional guest appearances. As do '4AD sounds.' Hold on, hold on, somebody has his hand up. Yes, you with the British accent. Do you have something to say? "We don't have a '4AD sound'. It's our own."

(I guess it's time for some introductions. Now joining your fine scribe on this journey towards the bottom of the page is Mick Allen, the lead vocalist for the aforementioned non-4AD sounding band, The Wolfgang Press. The band is currently on a North American tour with Nick Cave — except for the Vancouver date, for which Nick the Dick has opted out from.)



Okay, if the sound isn't 4AD (I still say it is), then the band must have some influences, some people that they pattern themselves after. Well, maybe not. "It's not really any influence, it's just the way you learn. You just find out what you're good at. I think music and everything should be as natural as it can. You know, what seems natural to you. The way I write is simply the best way I can and what makes sense to me."

Ah, this is where the whole understanding thing becomes a problem. With Mick writing songs that make sense to him, they don't necessarily have to make sense to anyone else. And they don't. This is also where the Talking Heads references are the strongest, as Allen's writing is in the same broken up gibberish style that David Byrne has perfected. "It's a shame people have to pin you down and compare you to someone else. But I'm not offended by it." Still, the influences are there, but only in bits and pieces, so I guess we can let Mick get away with it this time.

The music is a different issue. Tribal drums, distorted guitars, even funky beats. It all has to come from somewhere. Mick has something to say. "Rap, Public Enemy, those things are all in the media now, and we're aware of them, but it's not something we're trying to emulate. But it

does affect you. We're a big fan of James Brown. Especially the rhythms. Which are very important to us. Black tribal rhythms are very strong and we like using them."

Influences aside, one thing blantly obvious is that with each record The Wolfgang Press are exploring new territory and becoming much more together as a band. "Every record we make is a progression and it's because we're basically getting better as a band — it's such an obvious thing to say, but it's true. From *Sweatbox* (the first single) to *Kansas* (the new single), everything has become stronger. The ideas are making more sense." Maybe to you guys, but try writing about the band.

The band's new album, *Bird Wood Cage*, is a definite progression and shows that the band is indeed becoming stronger. Songs like *Kansas*, *King of Soul*, and my favourite, *Shut That Door*, should easily endear the band to people everywhere.

The future of the band? Mick has but a few words on that subject — "Fame and fortune." But facing reality, Mick, if you weren't in a band or if The Wolfgang Press were to end tomorrow, what would you do with your life? "I wish I were a footballer, actually. I wish I were Jimmy Greis." Oh well, so much for reality, but then when we're talking about the Wolfgang Press. Reality seems such a distant thing.

Lane Dunlop



THE RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS

MARCH 31 ^{& Guests}

CiTR FM 101.9 presents



Highlife & Track Records.

ALL TICKETS

Black Swan,

Ticketmaster/VTC, Zulu,

Charge by Phone 280-4444

Doors 8pm

Commodore Ballroom 870 Granville St.



Mudhoney at Club Soda

photo: Mandel Ngan

Step right up, folks! Six hard-rockin' shows in only ten nights! That's right, four (originally five—T.S.O.L. was cancelled) big name hardcore bands played a total of six gigs between January 20th and 29th.

The fun began on Friday the 20th with the more than slightly inebriated Dayglo Abortions playing the unlikely venue of the Alpha Dels frat house. An unbelievably mixed crowd of loyal Dayglo fans, curious beer drinkers and frat boys dressed in punk costumes for 'Something Wild Night' thrashed with the band before intolerance took over and fights broke out. Guys, next time night stick to togas or bermudas.

Fortunately, the Dayglos stuck around to play the Town Pump two days later. The Sunday version was infinitely better. After being prepared by *Shovelhead*, an enthusiastic crowd enjoyed what appeared to be a rejuvenated Dayglo Abortions. A flickering of social conscience shone through an otherwise mindless show in the form of comments on the Molson-Carling merger and the refusal to play the popular *I Want to be an East Indian*. The cretin explained that the band isn't becoming more political, but people sometimes interpret the song as being racist, and the Dayglos are not a racist band. But if entertainment is their goal, no one should have left the Town Pump disappointed.

Next on the menu was *Death Sentence's* Video Release Party at Club Soda on Monday night. Their *Danger Zone* video is a surprisingly sympathetic portrait of the poor which alternates between live shots of the band and the suffering of the down and out on the streets of Vancouver. But the real surprise

of the night came before *Death Sentence* played. *Vociferous*, an Edmonton band on their first tour west, had the thrashers thrashing to their speed-metalish sound they call 'pop-thrash'. They will be releasing an album soon that'll be worth watching for. *Death Sentence's* mediocre performance was interrupted by a fire alarm that unfortunately cut an interesting evening short.

It is always a treat when an opening band can keep up with the headliner, and this was exactly the case when *MudHoney* opened for *NoMeansNo* on Thursday, January 26th at the Town Pump. Even though this was the first opportunity to see *NoMeansNo's* new album *Small Parts Isolated and Destroyed* performed live, *Mud Honey*, the old *Green River*, attracted an equal amount if not more attention than the Victoria veterans.

Speaking of veterans with new material, the always entertaining *D.O.A.* rounded out the week with an all-ages show at the Paramount on the 28th and a return to Club Soda on the 29th. *D.O.A.* introduced much of a new album (soon to be released) to an uninterested crowd at Club Soda. Songs like *Guns, Booze and Sex* and *The Agony and the Ecstasy* and the addition of hard-rockin', beer-drinkin', hockey-lovin' *Chris Hambre* should keep *D.O.A.* alive well into the future.

Quite a full ten days. Too bad the T.S.O.L. show got cancelled.

The return to a normal schedule of events brought *MudHoney* and *Blood Circus* to Club Soda on February 5th. Just as *MudHoney* provided good opening entertainment for *NoMeansNo*, likewise did *Blood Circus* for *MudHoney*. A heavy bass mixed with likeable rhythms and lyrics made for an interesting and entertaining overall sound. The crowd sang along to a humorous and enjoyable song called *My Dad's a Fuckin' Alcoholic* to close *Blood Circus's* performance. *MudHoney* alternated between fast and slower songs to keep the festivities alive with the unusually happy Sunday night Club Soda crowd. Constant dancing overflowed the dance floor until *MudHoney* finally wound up their show.

Another danceable band of a different style appeared on the 6th of February. *Tombstone Etiquette* made their Town Pump debut after making it to *CITR's* *Shindig* semi-finals last year. This two-year old band has progressed incredibly well as they recently released their first album *A Journal of the Plague Year*. A six-piece with a darker edge than most jangly guitar bands, *Tombstone Etiquette* presented a good mix that should have been entertaining to all. *Pangaea*, a brand new folk act from the Capilano College music program, opened with their first ever club act. Their flute and tambourine gives them a nice 60's feel while energetic guitar work brings the entire sound into the 80's. Although *Pangaea* couldn't be called a reggae band, they were able to do a unique and moving version of *Bob Marley's* *No Woman No Cry*.

The Railway Club hosted two nights of *Celebrity Drunks* on February 7th and 8th. These guys are hard to figure out. They combine the slow, the upbeat, and the bizarre on a gaudily decorated stage, surprisingly to the delight of many fans. Even though they occasionally sounded like Frank N. Furter singing for *The Dead Milkmen*, *Celebrity Drunks* could easily fit in playing on the *Love Boat*. One thing's for sure though, for a band that hasn't played in Vancouver in three years, they sure as hell have a lot of T-shirts for sale.

It's a good thing that the Dayglo Abortions, *Death Sentence*, *Sacrifice*, and *Goliath* all-ages show at the New York Theatre on the 11th is the last to be reviewed, because my ears are still ringing from that one. What initially appeared to be a big hair event eventually turned into a friendly, neighbourhood hardcore show. To the pleasure of their followers, *Goliath*, a Vancouver band, presented their *Bon Jovi* style money-making music first. Then the fun began. The New York Theatre was packed when *Sacrifice*, a pretty good speed metal band, transformed individuals into a single frenzied mass of seething fury. Everyone stayed in this state throughout *Death Sentence* and the Dayglos, repeatedly diving off the stage into the welcome arms and faces of the slammer down below. Despite all the intensity, the amount of people there, the heat inside the York, the mixture of skins and bangers and the girl who puked on the stairs, it was a very successful all-ages show, and hopefully there will be many more in the future.

W.W.

Wow, when I think of all the good gigs I've missed this month, some because I didn't know about them in time, some because they were too expensive, some because, I guess, I'm just too uncool. Like the **Groovaholics**, now that would've been good to see, and I hear that the **Jazzmanian Devils** played at the Penthouse, of all places. And then a lot of surprising time bands have been at the Metro lately. But then, I did manage to see the glorious **Tartan Haggis** again, this time at a very crowded Town Pump. So what if the joke's wearing thin? Robbie Burns Day is but once a year, after all.

Well, there is some bad news this month. **Ian Noble** (as everyone knows already, anyway) is back in Vancouver while **Go Four Three** remains in Toronto, slogging it out now with new drummer **Darrell Neudorf**, formerly of 54-40. And **Crazy Fingers** have split up—but expect a goodbye demo from them soon anyway.

And now, a few demos:

Applied Science—"Bunker Song" and **Go Fish**—"God Given Right." Not really a demo, but two songs from a Seattle sampler, called **Missing Link Sampler 1**. I was hoping against hope that somehow **Applied Science** would be a little like **Chemistry Set**, a band from the same general area who sent us a demo quite a long time ago, but that, alas, was not to be. This isn't pop, but closer to synth-disco. Another please-don't-drop-the-bomb song. Not so **Go Fish**, who sound a little like **64 Funny Cars**, maybe even a little like **Mojo Nixon**. There's quite a funny bass line, which I guess is supposed to carry most of the song, but it's the lyrics that are really memorable, i.e. "It's your God-given right to shout/puke all night." Wow, is it just me, or does this sound like cool guys?

Club Dill Dough—"Frank Heaven." **Club DD** is **Mark Bell** of **Excited First Daughter** and **Steve Gibson** of **The Bride Stripped Bare**. The Frank of the song title is the infamous Frank Booth of **Blue Velvet**. And yeah, lots of your face lines from the movie are here (although maybe not the ones I would have chosen): "You ever been to pussy heaven?", "Oh, Frank's here", "Heineken!", etc. But the real joke here is that there's no apparent difference between the

Thrash Mix and the Suave Mix of the song, which appear on opposite sides of this tape.

Grizzled Greddiguts' Spectral Voices on Tape Phenomena—"Refusal Mantra." Okay, these guys are (or, more likely, this guy is) from Prince George, not the most thriving music scene in the world. Still, I can't help wondering, don't we get enough of this stuff already? Some pretty fast panning makes headphone listening a little scary, which is good, as is the not-too-long playing time. But, as far as I'm concerned, this needs more spectral voices and less of whatever's taking up more of the space here right now.

Also from out of town is Toronto's **Black Betty**, with a song called "Candy." Sorry, but I think this is boring. The singer's name is given just as **Bink**, and **Bink** offers us little more than a lot of artificial-sounding emotion and about 4 lines of unintelligible and uninteresting lyrics.

Icemen—"Got To." Do these guys have an attitude or what? Their photo is plenty scary, and they promise a "Hypothermic Apocalypse" to "anyone who gets in our way." And their **Thanks To** list begins with "Ourselves." As for the actual tape...well, the band's tight, all right, but the vocals sound slowed down somehow (is this to give the song that anthem-like effect?), and the lyrics don't do much for me. (The chorus, for example, is just a repetition of "The only reason I go through life is 'cause I got to", which is pretty good in itself, but I wanted a little more.) The **Icemen** have a big, devoted following, mainly, I suppose, due to the energy of their live shows (I saw them open for **Oversoul Seven** at the Commodore, surely one of the stranger billings possible), but I don't know if this tape captures that energy, in spite of its good production (at **Profile**, with **Cecil English**). Oh yeah, and they cover "Sweet Emotion."

Celebrity Drunks—"Shaman Says." Oh no! Another good show I missed—the **Drunks** played at the Railway on the 7th and 8th but I didn't find out 'til the 14th. Anyway, "Shaman Says" isn't as weird as previous offering "Holly Jolly," and is more melodic, but still has that same inimitable **Drunks** sound. Oh well, maybe I'll see them next time they're all in Vancouver.

Janis



Dayglos at the Pump

photo: Mandel Ngan

Earn BIG

Bucks

part-time
(while you sleep)



DISORDER needs an advertising representative

Deadline for
applications:
March 10

**Earn
\$1000/mo.
or more**

Operators are standing by
between M-F 10-4

228-3017

College Radio

What is College Radio? Animal, vegetable or mineral? For the listener, depending on one's state of mind, it symbolizes a bubbling cauldron of unbridled weirdness, or a beacon of normalcy in the hazy airwaves cluttered with cheezy generic programming. It is a DJ's wet dream, allowing him or her a public forum to express their personal musical taste and verbal flare. For struggling local bands, no matter how awful they really are, college radio is an opportunity to be heard by thousands of listeners that would ordinarily not care enough to spend hard earned bucks on mysterious tapes or gigs. Yes, college radio is many different things for many different folks. But really, why are we here? What is the purpose of stations such as CTR and CJIV in a city that has dozens of fine and stylish commercial stations like... like... you know! In essence what is the mandate and what are the goals of college radio? How does it survive? Why does it survive? While all

of my friends stay up late at night thinking about hot cars, gorgeous models, and cold cash, I dream about college radio, its *raison d'être* and why I can't get any of the aforementioned goodies.

In order to gain insight into the college radio experience, I solicited opinions of the friendly folk of CJIV, SFU's station, and our very own CTR. CJIV is a relatively young station compared to CTR, probably because SFU is a newer university than UBC. The station has only recently gone on the air with a 10 watt signal. Formerly they relied upon cable and carrier signal to broadcast. As for CTR, we now have a whopping 1800 watts of power that should allow us to compete with your hair dryer for your attention. This brings us to our first point - listenership.

Who listens to college radio? Is college radio for college people? Should college radio TRY to please a particular segment of the listening audience? The general contention is - why

bother? Targeting an audience is the self-appointed mandate of commercial radio stations which are dependent on advertising revenue for survival.

First up is Norm Casler, who by his gruff tone and defensive manner made me imagine him to be a large, hairy, giant of a man who enjoyed spending Sunday afternoons amidst the serene beauty of nature snoring rabbits. As the station manager of CJIV he is generally responsible for determining how things are run. His philosophy that "no one wants to listen to six hours of scratch" results in a softer blend of music than is played at CTR. Whereas DJs at CTR are essentially free to play whatever they wish apart from what is heard on commercial radio, much of CJIV's programming is based upon strict adherence to a 200 album playlist. The DJs there are permitted to sample from this playlist, which in addition to including the standard "alternative" fare, also includes suitable top forty music such as U2, Keith Richards and Jeff Healey. The idea is to appeal to the students of Simon Fraser University by finding a "middle ground" between CTR and commercial radio.

A variety of views on college radio are held

Son of th

LOOK - you don't care about the '60s and I don't care about the '60s. Why should we? It's the past. It's over with. I don't remember where I was when the CIA shot Jackie Kennedy. Who cares? But one thing has always intrigued me about the turbulent decade known as THE SIXTIES - that is, RADIO. The folklore has it that radio has not always been the wasteland of formatted pablum that we know and love. The '60s MYTH includes tales of exciting and alive radio, and even free form experimental radio in the early days of FM which would seem to have much in common with present day college radio. Is it true, or just more post-Summer of Love, drug induced, hippie hangover nostalgia? And is there a commonality with today's college radio? The simplest way to determine the veracity of these radio tales is to corner someone who was there, and, most importantly, possesses the majority of his faculties. Someone like broadcasting icon J.B. Shayne. J.B. is a legendary Vancouver character of the broadcasting biz who has worked at many of the city's radio stations, including LGAM, LGFM and CFUN during their '60s heyday. He is probably best known to the younger of us as the man behind the infamous Nite Dreams, Western Canada's first and best video program. Working in commercial or non-commercial broadcasting, J.B. has always experimented and, therefore, taken chances. As someone who looks to the future and is usually ahead of the pack, it was unlikely his vision of the '60s would be clouded by acute nostalgia. So what's the word? Read on.



Broadcasting icon J.B. Shayne

photo: Chris Helgren

Is it a myth that '60s FM was completely free or could you really play anything?

It was initially. 1966-67 was the pivotal year in FM radio. It started in San Francisco with a guy named Tom Donahue. They were capturing the music of that period — the Summer of Love in the Bay area. And that spread. The explosion happened in 1966-67 - '66 in California, '67 throughout all North America - The Summer of Love. We had underground radio in Vancouver with LGFM in '67-68. They were playing just about anything. Terry Mulligan was on there, John Tanner was on there. I wasn't at that time; I didn't come until later. I'm sort of associated with that period but I never really was on FM at that time. I was on LGAM. I think what I did at CFUN on the allnight show as Captain Midnight probably fit into that but it wasn't FM. Then I went over to LGFM but the Flower Power was gone by then. But I do know that there was freedom in '68. Much like you have at CTR now. Totally free except, "Please give a time check and a station break and maybe do the weather. And try not to swear on the air." And it was free form which can be great and can be self-indulgent. But the freedom to be able to do whatever and let the audience decide whether they accept it or not.

Probably the funniest experience I had during that period was in 1968 when CKLGM decided to meet the people, the public, so they had an open house Sunday. I couldn't believe what I saw when I walked in the door — incense, dope all over the place, hash brownies. Mulligan

by CTR's music director **Chris Buchanan**. He is a hate-filled young vegetarian; hate-filled primarily because of DJs that deliberately try to aggravate their listeners. "We're not in an ivory tower subjecting our musical tastes onto our audience, we're not there to annoy, but it is important to be somewhat provoking." I find myself agreeing with this. If I hear another Tiffany song, I shall be annoyed enough to kill again. Chris also prefers to call college radio "independent radio" rather than refer to it by the perennially popular "alternative radio" nametag because of the negative connotations of that... that word! 'Alternative' conjures up visions of black clad, spiky haired, gaunt people, shouting death chants. People need to know that we are much more than simply playing the new Cure single. It's taking a diverse approach to sound and music."

Tamas Revoczi, "call me Thomas for short", is the assistant manager of CJIV. He also is the lucky holder of one of the specialty shows on the station. He says that it is on these shows that DJs have the greatest freedom. As the host of a classical music program he is allowed to play his choice of tunes. He makes a concerted effort to play mostly little known and uncommon music

What's The Point?

that, in keeping with his idea of college radio, is heard nowhere else. When the issue of commercial advertising at the station is brought up, he says that, at present, they have a system of individual show sponsorship. Now that they are actually on the air, the idea may be revamped to accept the idea of advertisers. As for CTR, the idea that advertisers might compromise the right to play and say anything and everything is enough to send a chill down our collective spines. However, I suspect that we are always open to corporate donations.

CJIV music director **Iain Gregson** believes that the mandate of college radio is to do two things. Firstly, to promote local and other Canadian artists and secondly, to provide an alternative source of entertainment. In their CRTE promise of performance, CJIV has vowed to play 30% Canadian content (CTR promises 20%) and a large portion of this is local demos. Iain, like many other young, idealistic college radio types has a dream, not a big dream, not even a really fun, bizarre one. It is more of

a retrospective of days gone by. "Vancouver has an extremely limited musical spectrum, there is no one playing new music, and as a result there has to be a counter-culture. When commercial radio stations see college radio becoming more and more popular, I see a movement back to the sixties where there will be album playing rather than a reliance upon hit singles."

With this in mind, the inevitable question arises. Will college radio die? NEVER!! Because its mandate is to provide the alternative it will continue to provide it when the commercial plays the "alternative". Such a thing is unlikely to ever happen because mainstream programming targets the lowest common denominator. It aims to please, if you know what I mean. Money is the motivation. In contrast, college radio, in its various forms, provides programming of new and different music and ideas that have a bite. It's stimulating, not stultifying. Remember that a bite on the neck can be thought provoking, somewhat painful, and holds promise of exciting things to come.

Michael Leduc

e 60s FM

was on the air at the time. He had his dogs in the studio. Everybody was streaming through the place like it was a Be-In. And the general manager was out of town at the time at a convention in Victoria but he decided to come back early. He came walking into the station at about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. And to this day I cannot forget the look on his face. Here was a man whose world had just fallen right down below his knees. The next day Mulligan was on the carpet. He was smacked around a little bit but nothing happened from that. That captures the mood of the station at the time.

They clamped down a bit but '69 was still a pretty free year. But 1970 was like, "Alright gentlemen, the Sixties are over. It's a whole new ball game now." This points out what happened in the music industry and in radio. And that is: There's a whole new market out there, a whole new audience, a new kind of music - album sales. Remember, before 1966, how many albums did people buy? There were a couple here and there - early Joni Mitchell albums, that sort of thing. But not until '67-68 did you have the deluge - **Big Brother and the Holding Co.**, the early **Moody Blues** albums, all of that stuff. The conservative business ethics came into play in '69-70. It was kind of like, "It's all over with. We have to pull up our socks. It's a new era and we're going out there and making money."

Can you see that scenario connecting with the freedom of college radio nowadays?

I think college radio is a very healthy thing. Certainly for music it's a godsend. The fact

is it comes underneath the jurisdiction of the university, and by its own nature it's an experimental thing. Correct me if I am wrong but I assume that the people running CTR prefer to keep it as experimental as possible. And there's not much in the way of revenue so it's not a commercial entity. There are maybe some spots on the air here and there. There is maybe some money exchanged, but not very much. That's not the purpose of the station. The purpose of the station is, I think, to give students, would-be broadcasters, and music people a creative spark by saying, "This is your forum. Right or wrong, go ahead and do it." Some things fall flat, some things soar. But the beauty of college radio is the experimental edge that it does have. Read at the back of the **Discorder** the lineup and the way it's written to understand that these are people who are excited about what they're doing; whether they happen to take the more cynical approaches or right off the top of their head. The only connection with the '60s FM is the experimental.

If the power increase is substantial enough to make it available to most receivers in the lower mainland then watch the reactions of the other stations around town. The commercial stations will be all for it, actually. Program Directors in every station in town will say, "Hey, CTR should be heard. They should be out there." In the back of their minds they're saying to themselves, perhaps, "But we know they won't offer us any real competition because they're all nuts out there anyways, and they don't know what broadcasting is all about." It

would be nice if college radio could prove otherwise. And I think that's a possibility because you have the freedom. It doesn't take a professional - professional is a bad word.

Let's assume that this happens: A meeting is called. The higher ups at UBC who control the purse strings to CTR seem to leave well enough but the time could come when more conservative forces could crack down on the creative flow from the station. And they may say things like, "We want a little more of a professional, more of a responsible broadcasting attitude emanating from our airwaves across the city. We want UBC to be represented in such a way that people will look upon CTR as the voice of UBC. And we think it should be more structured. We don't want to take away the freedom and the creativity. We just want to have it more controlled. Let's appeal more to the people of UBC." And that is a possibility.

If you have the opportunity to hit the Lower Mainland and gain more of an audience there is a possibility that you might do things a bit differently. Certain programs would be eliminated and other ones would come on. For right or wrong, I don't know.

The thing for people to do who listen to CTR or are involved with CTR is to remain very loose and open. And at the same time try and understand that if there are any kind of changes coming about, not to be afraid of them. But to also stand up if you think there's something wrong.

Kevin Smith

MARCH 1989 13

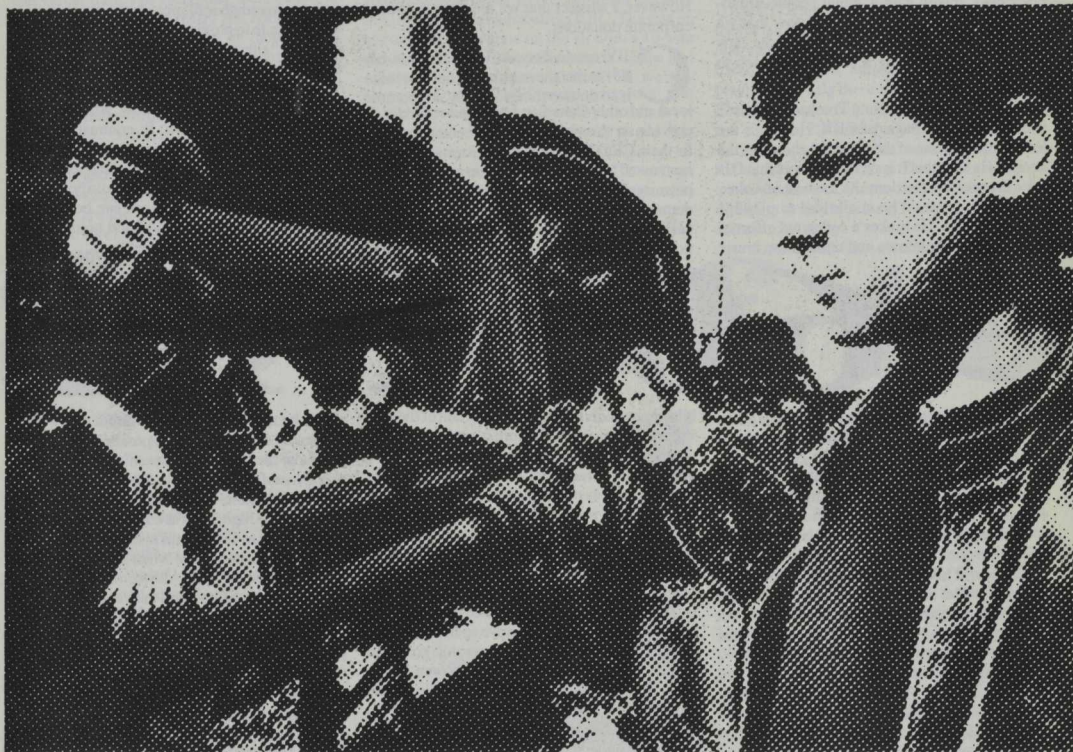
San Francisco's **Stickdog** is one of those rare bands that has managed to create a distinct sound of its own. Sure, the influences are there and easily discernable: **Swans**, **Sonic Youth**, **Einsturzen Neubauten**, and **Pere Ubu**, among others, but this is no retro-rapoff. There is something deeply personal in **Stickdog**'s intensely assaultive attack that defies description and must be experienced to be understood.

The group originated in Iowa City, Iowa about three years ago. **Stickdog** was then a two-man operation of **Chris Clougherty** and **Paul Reller**, complemented by a drum machine. This configuration existed for half a year or so before the addition of real live drummer **Gib Curry**. An independent self-titled lp was released on the Iowa collaborative label **Smudged Records**.

Stickdog was well received in Iowa, a bit of a surprise considering the small size of the city and that the harshness of their music doesn't lend itself to easy accessibility. Reller offered, "I think it's much easier in a small town in the mid-west because people aren't so grouped into what seems that they're in and what type of music they want. It's too small of a place to form

different groups of people that are interested in different music, so you have people with generally broader interests."

Stickdog recorded what would eventually become their second album, **Human**, in Iowa. They sent **Alternative Tentacles'** main guy **Jello Biafra** a tape as well as a copy of the first record. Biafra was impressed with what he heard which prompted the band to move to San Francisco. A friendship developed, and the **Human** album was released last summer on **Alternative Tentacles**. By that time **Kevin Bernard**, who is responsible for **Human**'s canine schematic artwork, had joined as the fourth member.



Stickdog seem quite wary and distrustful of the independent music industry. Along with the frustrating game of getting media attention, Reller cites the money scamming actions and attitudes of the whole distribution network as the reason for the development of such an attitude. "I would say that most people on small labels have something bad happen to them in that market because of the distributors' unwillingness to pay small labels the money that they owe them. They know that they will never get legal action taken against them by a small label across the country for a few hundred dollars. Most bands lose money."

Considering the mild contempt they have for the industry they're part of, and their gut level lyrics of pain and betrayal, it's easy to paint **Stickdog** into a corner of negativity. The group offers, "People expect us to always be terminally depressed, going around with our heads constantly down. I don't think that we ever tried to create an image of any sort. That album (**Human**) was made when we were all in a really bad mood. None of us had a good year, and we were sort of spitting when we were writing songs, so, I don't know, that's what you get. We don't generally suck small children's blood."

Although very happy with how **Human**

turned out, **Stickdog** promise something heavier in a live situation. Fancy electronics? Not for these chain wielders. "I think we're attached to letting the audience feel and see the sounds being made rather than processed or sampled material. We all really like using our instruments in slightly unconventional ways. A lot of times it's very loud and forceful; biting sounds that have a lot more impact when you get hit with it in the face live." **Stickdog** will be making an impact Saturday, March 4th at the Industrial Eclipse and Sunday, March 5th at Club Soda.

Keith Parry



829 Granville Street,
Telephone: (604) 684-8900
(ACROSS FROM CAPITOL 6 CINEMAS)

**Gallery Art Show By:
Jezebel and Carylann Lepke**

UNDER

REVIEW

RAZOR Violent Restitution (Fringe Product)

This album has 14 tracks on it! One is enough! The lyrics are trite and the riffs are repetitive. In fact, the same riffs can be found on many different tracks.

Razor copies Exodus, though not very well. There are hints of Slayer and Omen—not as influences, but as Xeroxes. This band deals with subjects that have already been done to death by bands with greater talent and insight.

On the brighter side, it isn't tooooo horrible musically. Rod Mills' drumming is adequate, but he lapses into repetitive thrash beats we've all heard before. The right attitude is there, and they maintain control of their artistic integrity by releasing *Violent Restitution* on their own label. We think they had no choice because no real label would sign them.

G: The old line-up was better.

B: Yeah. A girl I know met them at Guelph, the band's home town.

G: Why do you mention that?

B: Coz it's more interesting than the album.

G: So it is...

Bruno Fuscalzo and Greg Yanke

VARIOUS The Melting Plot (SST Records)

Somewhere out in Hollywood (the original one) amidst the Universals, the Orions and the Foxes, there festers a thing called *We Got Power Films*. Proud creators of such cinematic epics as *The Slop Movie* and *Lovedolls Superstar* (which I presume to be some sort of sequel to the 1984 classic *Desperate Teenage Lovedolls*), they have released upon an unwitting public their latest bit of anthropological genius, *The Melting Plot*. And, this being the 1980's, it's accompanied by a soundtrack record! Imagine that. Well, I haven't seen the movie, and as long as we're being honest here (you gotta try everything once), I'm too young to determine whether all of the 17+ tracks on this vinyl babe are covers of moldy sixties-and-on-tunes. (*Burnin' Love* and *S.O.S.* are kinda easy to tell, but I don't know about the rest, and I'm too lazy to find out.) Covers or not, there are some butt-kicking, obnoxious, tum-the-speakers-to-11 beauties on here; notably, the aforementioned *Love by I Love You*, the hypnotic *Algebra Suicide's Tales of Brave Ulysses*, and, best of all, *I Am Right* by the only really known band on this platter, *Sonic Youth*. And then there is some stupid talking, some incredibly boring voices (these guys from bands?), and a lot of sixties-type guitar-riffin' feedback shit that some guy named Animal out in Port Moody will probably go nuts over. Collectively, an experience, as this album attempts to cover a lot of musical genres, from late Fifties bebop (*Chemical People's It's Not Unusual*) all the way to the disco and punk of the late Seventies. Oh yeah, there's also a band called *Ledd Kross* (aka *Redd Kross*) doing the instrumental parts of that song you heard played at every high school dance, and if this is possible, it actually sounds better than the original did blaring from those gym speakers. Far out, man.

Annette

DUE NORTH - STEPHEN CHATMAN Vancouver Chamber Choir; John Washburn, Conductor (Centrediscs)

The Canadian Music Centre exists to promote and disseminate the music of Canadian composers. On this, their first choral CD, they have chosen to record the choral works of Stephen Chatman, a Vancouver composer and pedagogue. These pieces span an eleven year period, and mark a transition in Chatman's style to music which is very accessible. While new music lovers may have qualms with Chatman's choice of such simple musical language, what undoubtedly stands out for all to see on this recording is the high level of craftsmanship in his writing. *You Have Ravished My Heart*, with its long, smooth lines, is arguably the best piece on *Due North*, but Chatman is certain to gain a wide audience with his *Five British Columbian Folk Songs*; *O Come, O Come Emmanuel*, and *Lo In A Manger*. Despite Peter Haworth's excellent narration, *I Find Love and Shapes High Fantastical* to be very sectional and as a result the only disappointment on this otherwise fine CD.

Paul B.A. Steenhulsen

KISS Smashes, Thrashes & Hits (Polygram)

One imagines Gene and Paul sitting around during the formative years of Kiss, say in a bar, sipping their cold gins. Gene leans over to Paul and says, "We need a gimmick."

Now it's 1988. Same situation, this time maybe in Gene's Manhattan penthouse. Gene says to Paul, "We need a new record." And here you have it. With a couple of new songs, courtesy of Paul Stanley and Desmond Child, new videos and lots of old gems to boot. Kiss were always about excess—the massive stage productions, explosions, Gene firing laserbolts out of his bass, and lots of 13-year-olds puking their guts out all over the floor.

Kiss's biggest problem today is evident on *Smashes*. They've overblown their importance as a band in this decade. The new stuff sucks. The fact that *Destroyer* was probably their best album, thanks to *Bob Ezrin*, is reflected in that there are three songs from that album - *Detroit Rock City*, *Shout It Out Loud*, and a redo of *Beth* (they got the new guitar player to sing over the original instrumentation).

They remembered to include *Rock And Roll All Night* but forgot *Black Diamond*. The two new songs *Let's Put The X In Sex* and *You Make Me (Rock Hard)* are typical post-make-up Kiss. Otherwise, pretty much everything else is here - *Love Gun*, *Duce*, *Calling Dr Love*, *Strutter*, the previously mentioned *Destroyer* songs, and the essential *Rock And Roll All Night*.

With all the wanky bands from California, like *Poison*, one can't over-emphasize the influence of Kiss. Bands like the *Hard-Ons* and even those that stand on their own, like *Redd Kross*, are all members in good standing of the Kiss Army. So if you tossed out your Kiss albums a long time ago you might want to pick this up to help combat that late-night adolescence withdrawal.

John Rzezczyk

THE FALL I Am Kurious Oranj (Beggars Banquet)

Another product from Mark E. Smith and The Fall, *I Am Kurious Oranj* is a fabulous album with a pretty golden-orange cover in the bargain. The title track and *New Big Prinz* remind you of his unrivalled expertise. The album is the soundtrack to the ballet *I Am Kurious Orange*, performed last year in Europe by the contemporary dance club, *Michael Clark & Company*, with The Fall playing alongside. Although good, *I Am Kurious Oranj* is more produced and slower than the previous *The Frenz Experiment*.

Ben Read

THE WOOD CHILDREN The Gods Must Be Crazy (Black Cat)

This is a most impressive record from a British group whose sound verges on the "jangly guitar" side of things, but more often reminds one of *The Smiths*. The singer is definitely influenced by the infamous Manchester poet/god but the band has its own style. Songs like *Important In Your Life* and *I Study You* emit a lot of power and haunt one for days. A strong and memorable album.

Ben Read

NO MEANS NO Small Parts Isolated And Destroyed (Alternative Tentacles)

They wear glasses and corduroy pants. They're articulate and polite (drummer John Wright once said 'excuse me' to me). They have short, neat haircuts, are generally soberish, and probably go shopping for their grandmothers on weekends. But as those of you who have seen them live can attest, this Victoria trio also puts on savagely energetic and brutally tight shows. Yet, their albums never quite match the brilliance of their live performances. And this new release is no exception - songs, such as *Real Love*, which are so powerful on stage, can become almost mundane on vinyl. But wait, plenty of classic *No Means No* can be found on *Small Parts Isolated And Destroyed*. Check out the title track and *Lonely*, for instance. And true to past efforts, the album covers the typical *No Means No* themes of mainstream culture, sexual frustration, self-esteem, and anxiety. Buy the record, but promise you'll see them live.

JB

FISHBONE Truth and Soul (CBS)

Upon first listening to *Truth and Soul*, you might say to yourself, "Just what the heck is this?" The first song, *Freddie's Dead*, is a truly funky tune (too much so for my liking, although I was surprised by its potential to grow on me) and slightly different from standard Fishbone fare. This LP contains more than its share of get-down rhythms, and a surprising jazz influence at times. In terms of variety, the album really delivers—from the frenetic ska meets thrash of *Subliminal Fascism to Slow Bus Movin'*, which has a narrative style reminiscent of the *Clash*. Change, which has an acoustic tone suspiciously similar to (forgive me) *Bon Jovi* is nonetheless a good tune (really!!!). Lyrically, Fishbone deals with alienation and racial dilemmas—"the mayo men used firehoses to spray the monkeys back in their cages", as well as the rift between social classes, a recurrent theme nowadays.

All in all, not a bad album, although not one of my faves. Fishbone has put out more interesting material so you might want to borrow this one before buying it yourself.

Deborah Bach

THE LYRES

A Promise is a Promise (Star Records)

A Promise is a Promise is the newest offering from Boston's Lyres. This righteous garage ensemble features a clutter of 60's rhythms (faithfully recreated in the late 80's)—manic, rough, melodious singing, the heavenly and purse sound (real, not imagined) of the Vox Continental Combo organ, and grungy clanging guitar sounds (no doubt produced on the two pointed Danclectro instruments from which the band gets their name). My particular version of this album consisted of three groovy parts, an LP, a family tree, and EP.

The LP features such wonderful items as Here's a Heart, which was grungy, On Fire, which was old, and grungier still, and a standout track, Worried About Nothing, which displays a melodious pseudo-falsetto. An added bonus is a raving send-up of an ancient Sonic's song, The Witch.

The family tree details the development of the band, from its roots in 70s band DMZ (versions 1 thru 6) through to The Lyres (versions 1 thru 13). Despite the fact that I couldn't read the extremely fine print on this document, I did discern that Jeff Conolly (a.k.a. Mono Man) was the only common feature of the tree from DMZ #2 onwards.

The final part of the package, the EP, consists of tracks recorded live on a Swedish radio station.

Remarkable features include She's Got Eyes that Tell Lies, Don't Give It Up Now, and another Sonic's cover—Cinderella. Overall, the whole package sounds like The Animals genetically spliced with The Standells, and mutated in Boston Harbour for twenty years. Delightful.

J.W.

THE THREE JOHNS

The Death of Everything (T.I.M.)

Ex-Mekons (who were, a decade ago, the poor, silly cousins of the Gang of Four). But then who isn't? This is just what you'd expect from The Three Johns: plenty, lots, much, tres, big guitar noise over a drum machine named Hugo. Three Johns songs tend to be big heavy monster pieces that require a bit of time to pick up speed. Sometimes they go on a bit too long. A couple on this album are inspired by Herman Melville's Moby Dick. The record includes a live version of Never and Always that was not produced by Adrian Sherwood and a version of Downhearted Blues that was.

JB Hohm

SONS OF FREEDOM

Sons of Freedom (Slash/WEA)

Have you ever gone to one of those shows where you leave feeling like you've just seen God? Sons of Freedom have yet to give me that sort of feeling. Mind you they try, but most of it ends up looking like a gimmick—the costumes, the fancy light show at Graceland, the three lightbulb schtick. It's not that I don't like their music. It's just that all that shit up there seems to detract from the music. And come on, blinding the audience with bright lights has been done to hell.

What I want to see is some real fucking passion on stage. Jim Newton seems to come across like he's playing to some imaginary camera, looking at the audience like they don't exist. Never breaking that fucking deadly serious expression on his face. This

sort of thing, if done well, can be quite dramatic. Otherwise, it's simply boring. If I may paraphrase Jim: is it a bad thing to hate... somethings?

However, in spite of their lacklustre live performances Sons of Freedom have arrived. The music sweats like AC/DC, and nods like the Velvet Underground. The slower songs on this album—The Holy Rollers, This Is Tao—are infinitely more listenable than the Swans (another band the Sons have been compared to). And the outstanding tracks are just about everything else. I am sick of Alice Henderson, though. I would have preferred a beefed-up version of Blind Children. What more can I say. Jim Newton writes great urban despair kind of lyrics, the rhythm section grooves, and the guitars crunch.

John Rzezycki

JANE'S ADDICTION

Jane's Addiction (Triplex Records)

This is a not-so-new live album from a misunderstood band. I've seen parents' groups classify them under the same category as Poison, Guns 'n' Roses and other cock-rocking superstars. But no, Jane's Addiction are good, really! Side One features a heavy (almost funky) hard-rockin' (almost metal) string o' hits. Don't get me wrong now, they're pretty rough, but in a good way. And singer Perry Farrell has perhaps THE greatest whiny, high-pitched, quivering (vibrato?) voice since the venerable Jello Biafra. A fine guitar and riddum section back this wailing ball o' fire. Side Two is almost all acoustic, featuring covers of the Rolling Stones' Sympathy for the Devil and Lou Reed's Rock 'n' Roll. So, this is cool. Thank you for listening.

Mike Lyseng

CD BANZAI! COMPACT DISCS

UNUSUAL TITLES • SPECIAL ORDERS

800 USED • CLOSE-OUTS • + SHOWS



11⁷⁹
EA

WE TRADE • SELL • BUY COMPACT DISCS

ALL TYPES OF MUSIC

TAPES TO C.D.'S
1176 DAVIE ST.

ATTENTION FOOT USERS:



We accept the following methods of payment:

- 1/ Your hard-earned money
- 2/ Your mate's hard-earned money
- 3/ Your Mother's money
- 4/ Your Grandparents' money
- 5/ All the money in your savings account
- 6/ And of course just plain money.

JOHN FLUEVOG

852 GRANVILLE ST.
VANCOUVER BC

TELEPHONE:
688-2828



Cheap rental rates, large live-in studio spaces found within warehouses or storefronts, and a general aura of coolness have made the downtown eastside the Art and Artists' centre of Vancouver. As the arts community, which took root here out of necessity, grows larger on the basis of its reputation alone, more and more emerging artists are inspired to link up with this scene. It's a Mecca-like effect. Small galleries are abundant around the Hastings/Cordova/Powell area near Gastown; the Pitt, the Contemporary, the Perel, and the Art Speak to name just a few. Visual artists, musicians, hat-makers, poets and other un-classifiable creative types can be found chowing at the Ovaltine, roaming the alleyways, sketching furtively or just existing.

Fraser Valley College- and Emily Carr-educated Abbotsford refugee Jackie Dionne has been living and making art in the area for several years now. A painter, found-object compiler, and collage-maker, she has managed to sustain her art-making through a combination of part-time work, an ability to acquire ultra low-cost spaces (an art in itself) and obviously through some sort of determined dedication to her role/identity as an artist. Recently returned from a work stint in Jasper, where Elks outnumber humans on the local streets, she agreed to speak about being an artist in Vancouver.

As with many others, Jackie's current works are primarily for herself—they address her concerns, what she sees as important messages. She sees her work as "A sort of a diary, a way to take beauty or disgust or just to have your experience accessible to share with other people." Reflecting this, she is experimenting in more intimately scaled collage works. The sharing aspect is generous, but these

sorts of explorations do not often work as marketable products. This means support for art via production and selling of the same is an unrealistic proposition for most artists. Art productions vs basic living requirements wage a constant battle. "I am always surprised at the poverty of the people around here," she said. "As an artist I experience a both forced and chosen marginalized existence. This marginalization is resolved by people in many different ways depending on whether or not they want to work within an institution (educational or commercial) or without." Having chosen the non-institutional option, her own works, primarily larger scale oil paintings, sculptural assemblages of found objects from the fertile grounds of the neighborhood and recently small scale mixed media pieces with text, are adaptable to her fluctuating living conditions. No money = no paint, no space = small art, etc.

It is her view that societies' marginalization of artists is tolerated by both the artists and society and thereby is allowed to continue. Most people in the community appreciate the alternative, studio-squatter lifestyle. It allows them the freedom to work in whatever manner they choose at a relatively low cost. But this complacency may be put to the test with the pending elimination of the Foundry Studios and other studios on Railway Avenue due to development in the area. "The artists live-in studio thing has got to be resolved here in a way that considers supporting artists as a integral part of the solution." She referred to the situation in Seattle as an example where tax breaks and other programs encourage and support art in the city.

Right now, the situation in Vancouver is good and bad; not altogether nasty, but trouble lurks at the periphery. Sheila West

SUPPORT ART!



UNSUPPORTED, the result of neglect results in isolation, social exclusion, and sagging appeal due to lack of proper structure.



FULL SUPPORT PROVIDES ALLURING REWARDS. INCREASED POPULARITY LEADS TO GREATER SOCIAL ACCEPTANCE AND AN INTEGRAL ROLE IN SOCIETY.

CINEMA - 16

March 1
Literary Series
• Miss Julie

March 8
Saura's Friend: Eric
• The Spirit of the Beehive

March 15
Erotica: Fellini
• Casanova

March 22
Literary Series
• The Tin Drum

Wednesday Nights
at 7:00 and 9:30

\$2.50 single admission

\$3.50 for double bills

(\$2.00 annual membership required)

Student Union Building

Theatre U.B.C.

24 Hour Info 228-3697





«now available at--»

HIGHLIFE · ODYSSEY ·
BLACK SWAN · TRACK ·
MECCA · RASTAWARES ·

RENT THE STUDIO

— bedouin soundtracks —

11 W. 2nd Ave.

874-3349

People's
Co-op
Bookstore

New Releases

Art Calendars

Novels

Canadiana

Children's Books

Publications from
the USSR

Soviet Classical
Compact Discs

1391 COMMERCIAL DRIVE
VAN., B.C. V5L 3X5/253-6442

VIDEO

It was a dark and stormy night, so I rented some videos and made popcorn in the wok, burning it in the process. Both the wok and the popcorn.

Actually, it was a few dark and stormy nights, and one bright and clear afternoon that sometime in the future I shall probably regret wasting. But I only tried to make popcorn the one time.

Firstly, we have *The Toxic Avenger*, a low-budget cult film with absolutely no one in it that anyone's ever heard of. But, it's humorous, the stunts and special effects are quite good, and this film features some of the finest Toyota Corolla driving seen since I owned one. (I eventually sold it to one of Todd's girlfriends after I bought the Celica, which was before I racked up all the speeding tickets, lost my licence for three years, and turned the damn thing into scrap metal. I remember thinking, "I sure hope I don't hit that telephone pole," but fortunately a ditch stopped me.) And the Corolla is still running, you know. Should have kept it. However, I may rent *The Toxic Avenger* again.

I also saw *Aria*, which is a sort of pretentious collection of ten opera music videos by directors like Nicholas Roeg, Ken Russell, Jean-Luc Godard, and Robert Altman. Despite the fascinating camera angles and mood shots, the project is dull and rather confusing. Like, why are three nude women with knives walking around in a gymnasium? If I wanted to think, I'd read a book. Video is not for thinking.

Which is why I rented *F/X*, a reasonable action flick about a movie effects technician hired to fake an assassination; then a whole bunch of different people chase him. Just what you want to see

coming on the screen of your TV, none of that artsy crap. *F/X* is easy to watch, and not too insulting to your intelligence.

Stand By Me was another choice. I'd seen it before, but it's a really good story about four young boys on a journey to discover a dead body. Although based on a Stephen King short story, it's not a horror tale, but something a little bit like *Diner*. Lots of primo male bonding and banter.

Now, I have no intention of performing a 17-hour marathon of watching *The Prisoner*, a cryptic and stylish British TV series starring Patrick McGeehan. It's been done in these pages, a couple of years ago, by someone else. If you're interested, Videomatica has all 17 episodes available to reserve and rent in blocks of up to four episodes a night for \$29.95. And they also have a formerly lost episode filmed a year earlier than the series, a pilot version of *The Chimes of Big Ben* with some minor differences in style and credits that would be of interest to fans of the show. I liked it.

Amazon Women on the Moon is a five-director (Joe Dante and John Landis among them) collection of weird funny bits stuck together within a late-night TV format, using a fictional '50's movie as the core for all kinds of parodies. This is the sort of film that works best on a TV. I couldn't imagine seeing it in a theatre. Fairly good, with some really odd ideas, most of which work, an opening scene that features some paint colours there aren't even names for and are worth the \$3 just to see, and some interesting cameo appearances, like Russ Meyer, B.B. King, Carrie Fisher, Henry Silva, and the Loch Ness Monster as Jack the Ripper. Hey, I wouldn't make up something like that.

Dave Watson

THE BOOK & COMIC EMPORIUM INTRODUCING

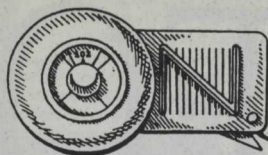
New Books
Best Sellers

20%

WE ALSO HAVE VANCOUVER'S LARGEST SELECTION OF ALMOST
NEW & USES PAPERBACKS & MAGAZINE BACK ISSUES.

BUY • SELL • TRADE

682-3019 • 1247 Granville St. Open 7 days a week
2nd Location 3315 Kingsway • 430-2665



MONDAYS

THE UNHEARD MUSIC 3-5:00pm

Get down with host Dale "The Saw" Sawyer for two crucial hours of demo tapes and total CanCon.

SPORTS DIGEST 5:30-6:00pm

Join Lane Dunlop for all the latest in campus sports and sports everywhere else for that matter.

THE AFRICAN SHOW 8:00-9:30pm

The latest in dance music from the African sub-continent plus minus a few oldie but greats and extras. Your host: Umerah Onukwulu.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:30pm-12:30am

Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Features at 11:00.

7th: A secret surprise feature

14th: "Not Yet" is the latest by Art Blakey & the Jazz Messengers.

21st: "Davis Cup" - a collectors' item by New York pianist Walter Davis Jr., on Blue Note Records with front liners Jackie McLean (alto) and Donald Byrd (trumpet).

28th: "The Canadiana Suite" written and performed by Oscar Peterson is a musical portrait of our vast and varied country.

TUESDAYS

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 1:15-3:00pm

Country music to scrape the cowshit off your boots to. With yer host-poke, Jeff Gray.

IN CONTEXT 3-4:00pm

News and interviews from and about the local arts community.

FINE LINES 5:30-6:30pm

Literary criticism in a Canadian vein from the studios of Uvic Radio, CFUV.

WEDNESDAYS

THE SPANISH SHOW 1:15-3:00

Music from Espanol and community events as well.

THIRTY THREE AND A THIRD 3-5:00pm

Two hours of the Hottest Vancouver Music.

B.C. FOLK 5:30-6:00pm

Listen to the thoughts and music of B.C. folk artists.

THURSDAYS

IN THROUGH THE OUT CROWD 2:30-4:30pm

The best and hardest core/brash around.

MOVING IMAGES 4:30-5:00pm

A whirlwind tour through the larger than life realm of the silver screen.

2nd: UBC SUB films

9th: Polaris Productions

16th: The Outside Chance of Maximilian Glick

23rd: Oscar predictions

30th: Oscar results

IT'S JUST TALK WITH R.J. MOORHOUSE 5:30-6:00pm

A talk show committed to bringing the issues before you, the concerned listener.

TOP OF THE BOBS 8:00-9:00pm

Fifties rock therapy heard across Canada, more or less.

CANCON JOB 9:10-10:00pm

The latest info on local bands and strictly Canadian tunes, along with the hottest playlist stuff.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL

10:00pm-midnight
Catch a local band live in your living room.

FRIDAYS

THE NEW EXPO '66 1:15-3:00pm

Live from the pavilions of the World's Music Fair, a tight two hours on a singular theme.

ABSOLUTE VALUE OF NOISE 5:30-6:00pm

Found sounds, tape loops, compositions of organized and unorganized aurality, power electronics and sound collage, and live experimental music. 100% Canadian Industrialism.

THE RADIO SHOW 5:30-6:00pm

In-depth arts analysis and a general miscellany of commentary on the local arts scene with a concentration on theatre.

HOME TAPING I.N.T.E.R.N.A.T.I.O.N.A.L. 6-9:00pm

200 proof live mixes, remixes and kilomixes.

STOMP ON THAT BOPPA-TRON 9:00-midnight

House, hip hop, funk, new beat. The latest & greatest in dance floor grooves.

SOUP STOCK FROM THE BONES OF THE

ELEPHANT MAN 12:30-3:30am
Independent music from around the world ranging from spoken word to the latest in club tunes.

SATURDAYS

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00-noon

Vancouver's biggest and best acoustic/roots/roque folk music radio show.

POWERCHORD 12:15-3:00pm

Vancouver's only true metal show with the underground alternative speed to mainstream metal; local demo tapes, imports and other ranties.

CITR FM 102
CABLE 102

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY	
7:30	NEWS, SPORTS FEATURE REPORTS							
8:00								
9:00	Breakfast with the Browns'	Linus Lovelace	Way Too Early	Bird Droppings	Mach I	The Saturday Edge	Are you Surrey Us Music?	
10:00	Soup de Jour	Pest Control	Battersea Park Gardens	Better Hohn's & Garlicks	Emma Peel Fan Club			
11:00								
12:00								
1:00	BBC WORLD REPORT CITR NEWS, SPORTS AND WEATHER — ARTS PROFILE						Power Chord	The Rockers Show
2:00	 Blood On The Saddle	Spanish Show	Pooh Corner	EXPO 66				
3:00	The Unheard Music	In Context	Spike	Out Through the In Crowd	Nardwuar		The Blues and Soul Show	
4:00		Transformation		Moving Images	Absolute Value of Noise			
5:00					NEWS, SPORTS, WEATHER, GENERIC REVIEW, INSIGHT AND DAILY FEATURE			
6:00	Sports Digest	Fine Lines	BC Folk	Talk	The Radio Show	Deadly Doom		
7:00	Hot Pink	Neon Meat Dream	Spinsters	The Vinyl Frontier	Home Taping International	Sat. Magazine	Sun. Magazine	
8:00	African Show			More Dinosaurs		Top Of The Bops	Radio Infrequency	Just Like Women/ Electronic Smoke Signals
9:00			The Jazz Show	Swirlin' Vinyl Spin				
10:00	Aural Tentacles	The Knight After					Soup Stock From The Bones of the Elephant Man	
11:00				Environmental Scatology		3-D Radio		Generic Friend
12:00								
1:00							In The Grip Of Incoherency	
2:00								
3:00								
4:00								

SUNDAYS

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC 8:00am-noon

Schoenberg, Varese, Berio, Carter, Maxwell Davies, Busotti, Scelsi, Xenakis, Schafer, Cage, Webern - Artistic Evel Knievels. Nouveau post-modern instrumental compositions in a classical vein.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:15-3:00pm

Reggae, Rock Steady, Soca and Ska.

THE BLUES AND SOUL SHOW 3-6:00pm

Blues, Blues, Blues and every second Sunday, the best of Post War Chicago blues and more.

ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS 6:30-9:00pm

Information, news, interviews and political analysis from the global cultures of resistance.

12th & 26th: Creating the future today—the shape of things to come as predicted by you, the listener. News on local environmental and native issues.

JUST LIKE WOMEN 6:30-9:00pm

Feminist news and analysis and a broad range of women's music.



SPINLIST

ARTIST

TITLE

VIOLENT FEMMES	3
"NOMEANSNO	SMALL PARTS ISOLATED AND...
MINISTRY	LAND OF RAPE AND HONEY
YELLO	FLAG
BAD BRAINS	LIVE
FOETUS INTERRUPTUS	THAW
JANE'S ADDICTION	S/T
"SONS OF FREEDOM	SONS OF FREEDOM
VARIOUS	THE MELTING POT
"GRUESOMES	HEY
"OVERSOUL ?	OVERSOUL ?
BOMB THE BASS	INTO THE DRAGON
KLAUS FLORIDE	BECAUSE I SAY SO
THE FALL	I AM KURIOUS ORANJ
RAPEMAN	TWO NUNS AND A PACK MULE
SCRAWL	HE'S DRUNK
"ELECTROSTATIC CAT	DYSPELOLOGY
THE DEAD MILKMAN	REELZEBURRA
THE BEVIS FROND	TRIPTYCH
"S.N.F.U.	BETTER THAN A STICK IN...
VARIOUS	HUMAN MUSIC
HAPPY MONDAYS	WROTE FOR LUCK
JULIAN COPE	MY NATION UNDERGROUND
STOP THE VIOLENCE	SELF DESTRUCTION
POP WILL EAT ITSELF	DEF CON 1*
ROB BASE AND DJ EZ ROCK	IT TAKES TWO
THE BEATNIGGS	TELEVISION 1*
THE POGUES	YEAH, YEAH, YEAH...
WILLIE DIXON	HIDDEN CHARMS
VARIOUS	PAY IT ALL BACK V.H.I
THE BECKEL AND THE NEW...	SHOOTING RUBBER BANDS AT...
THE PRIMITIVES	WAX BEHIND ME 1*
THE YOUNG GODS	L'ARMOURIR
EUGENE CHADBOURNE	I'VE BEEN EVERYWHERE
TYREE	
HEAVENLY BODIES	CELESTIAL
"FRONT LINE ASSEMBLY	DISORDER
INSTED	BONDS OF FRIENDSHIP
THE THREE JOHNS	THE DEATH OF EVERYTHING
MUDHONEY	UPERFUZZ BIGNUFF
DEMENTED ARE GO	KICKED OUT OF HELL
PAILHEAD	TRAIT
THE KLINIK	PEVER
THOMAS TRAIL AND HIS DARK...	SPOOK SHOW

TAPE - A - MANIA

Join us for TAPE-A-MANIA on Thursday March 9th at 11pm. Get ready to record The Syndrome live on CiTR fm 101.9. Here's your swell cassette cover.

MARCH 9 / 89

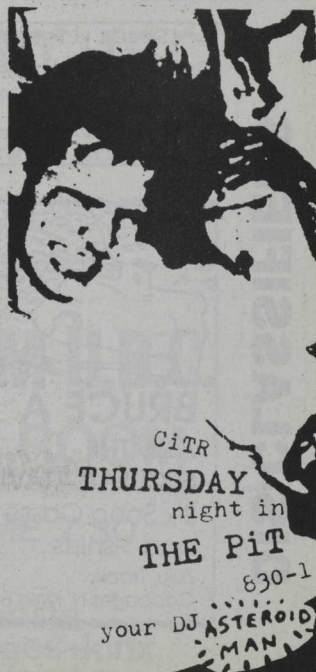


RECORDED LIVE THURSDAY MARCH 9
IN THE CiTR LOUNGE 2200 hrs

MATERIAL © 1989

SORRY, DAD.
OUR MINDS ARE
MADE UP. IT'S
THE CiTR
SOUND
MACHINE FOR
OUR HOOTENANY,
OR IT'S NOTHING!
IT'S MOBILE, IT'S
HIP, AND ITS WAY
MORE FUN THAN
ANY JOHN WAYNE
FILM FESTIVAL.

228-3017



MARCH 1989 21

HITLER'S

I'm going to search. To the day I die, I'll search. High, low, in, out, over, under and all around. And if I find the stupid bastard, I'll make him wish that he had tried harder to win the war. "What the hell is this guy's problem?" you may be thinking.

Well, thank you for asking.

How about: "DON'T FOLLOW ME, I'M LOST TOO!"

Well, it is only a guess, but I bet the joker that puts this on his car is trying to find a sense of humour.

Or (For all you proud British Columbi-ans)...

"I DROVE THE COQUIHALLA HIGHWAY"

Even better (this one makes me green with envy)...

"I DROVE THE COQUIHALLA ON OPENING DAY"

Then there's the yellow seventies classic...

"I FOUND IT!". Dare we ask what?

The disturbingly pointless...

"CAUTION: BABY ON BOARD"

And the list goes on. On and on. Thousands of humourless adhesive annoyances. But that is only the beginning. First it was the bumper

sticker (circa approx. 1941, but I'll get into its history in a little bit), then came radio station stickers, election stickers, motor oil stickers, and so on. People soon got tired of stickers, though, and tried new ways to "add a little character" to their cars. Things like sheepskin steering wheel covers, tinted windshield stickers with their car's name emblazoned on them (not surprisingly, "VW BUG" was a big seller), then came tinted windows all the way round, fuzzy seat covers, gun racks and customized home stereo speakers in the back seat.

Well, after many years of research, I have been able to trace the root of all this evil. Yes, you guessed it. The short little man with the one-inch mustache and the acid-trip eyes. (And here you've been thinking that acid wasn't around until the sixties and the Merry Pranksters. Sorry, but it doesn't take much brains to figure out that Hitler was the first to "spaceout". How else do you explain his sudden urge to Rule The World?) Adolf was a little low on cash one day, when he had a brainstorm: the bumper sticker. And what did the sticker read?... "BUY VOLKSWAGEN: SUPPORT SYPHILLIS RESEARCH".

Yes. The first bumper sticker was both a marketing ploy and a way of supporting medical research. With it, Hitler was able to pre-sell millions of the "car of the people" (i.e. Volkswagen). Unfortunately, he never quite got around to manufacturing the car, so the people who had bought the car had to be happy with the

REVENGE

fact that they had aided Hitler's acid trip of Running The World.

Look, I don't mind some of the more interesting bumper stickers which have been plastered all over our cars. For instance,

"IT'S OKAY TO HIT ME...NO BABY ON BOARD" or

"BABY IN TRUNK"

but these damn things have led, recently, to those annoying "suction-cup" animals that you see stuck in every car window. Garfield with that wild 'n' crazy look on his face seems to be the most frequent offender. What could possibly be funnier than seeing Garfield's body stuck to the window of the car in front of you in the midst of rush hour? Why, Garfield's body stuck upside-down on the window of the car in front of you, of course! Now that is funny stuff.

Those suction-cup things are almost as bad as hanging your high-school graduation tassel on your rear-view mirror.

Sometimes I wonder if those Garfield things could be linked to the highway shootings down in the States.

Anyhow, if you happen to see a short man with a tiny grey mustache, warn him to watch his damned goose-step.

J. R. French

DIS-CLASSIFIEDS

!STICK IT HERE!

ANY AD - ANY SIZE
\$7 A SQUARE INCH

Call 873-4083/228-3017

Deadline: 15th of the month



BRUCE A

**AND THE
SECULAR ATAVISTS**

Six Song Cassettes
and T-shirts

Zulu, Track,
Cabbages N' Kinks Etc.



Martin, QSC
SOUNDCRAFT
YAMAHA
JBL, EV

434-5010



Smith Sound

PROFESSIONAL SOUND RENTALS
ONE NIGHTERS A SPECIALTY

LIGHTS AVAILABLE

J. Martie Smith

MacEWEN ARTS LTD.

**ONE OF B.C.'S FINEST
SELECTION OF QUALITY
ARTISTS SUPPLIES:**

GRAPHIC MATERIALS

BULK CANVAS

BLOCK PRINTING SUPPLIES

F R A M I N G

GLASS - DRYMOUNTING

CUSTOM STRETCHERS

331 West Pender Van. V6B 1T3

685-6920

WE ACCEPT ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS

 **CiTR FM 101.9 presents** 
THEY TRIED TO STOP US
AND THEY FAILED AGAIN!

DOA

THOSE HARD ROCKING
LOUDMOUTHS HIT U.B.C

WITH **THE ICEMEN** **AND** **SHE**

SAT. MARCH 18

S.U.B. BALLROOM U.B.C.

ALL AGES + BEVERAGE ROOM

advance tickets \$7

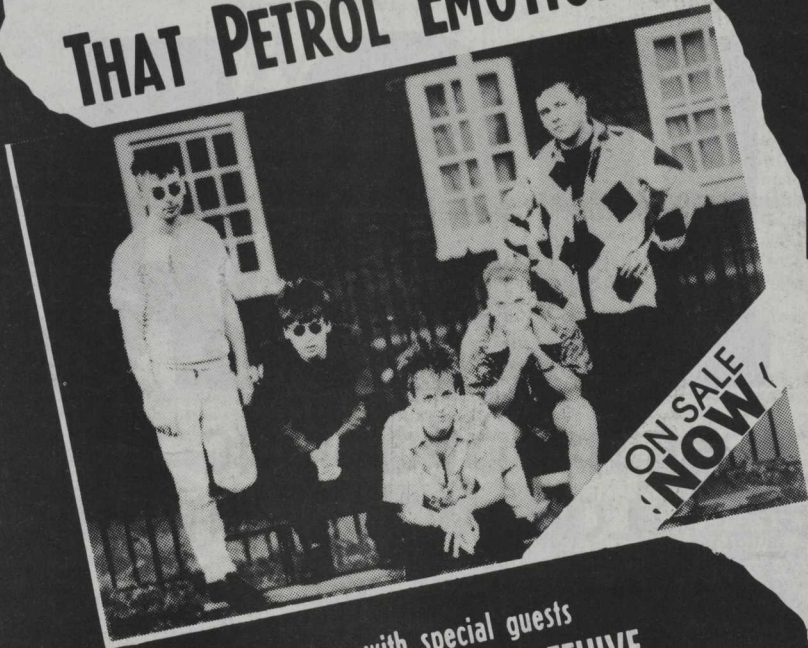
at the door \$8

GAME TIME 7:30

availble at: tracks,zulu,odessey imports
black swan,hi-life,cabbages+kinx
a.m.s.box office,collectors r.p.m.

CiTR 101.9 FM
PRESENTS

THE RETURN OF THAT PETROL EMOTION



with special guests
VOICE OF THE BEEHIVE

WED. MARCH 15

TICKETS: ALL VTC/TICKETMASTER locations or
Charge by Phone

280-4444



PRODUCED BY
PERRYScope

